Wandering Hell With You

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Wandering Hell With You

by akumaAlu

Summary

"See me on the other side.", Hannibal whispers.

Notes

See the end of the work for notes

“You have to go now, good boy. I have to go alone.”
His dog is cocking his head.
“Go.”
He is going and Will follows the man with the blue face. He saw what he did to Verger. He knows that this can’t be his first victim. Will also knows that he shouldn’t follow this man. The half of his upper head is blue, the sign of a cleric, a healer. Will wonders where the fool gets the blue paint, and why he didn’t is just covered in old blood. He passes Wills small village and heals people- he wonders if they are really healed. Somebody who slays people like that can’t be a real healer. Verger was a horrible person, though.
He is a really fast walker, Will thinks.

He disappears behind a big rock. Will follows and finds himself in a tight hug. The strong arm moves to Will's throat. He wiggles but the man found his knife. Will used it to prepare his fish. Now he feels it puncturing his shirt. And the skin.
“Why do you follow me!”, the man growls dangerous.
“I saw how...”
That information is enough for Hannibal at this moment. He stabbed the man which smells like fish. Then he draws a curved line over his stomach. He feels hot blood over his hand and hears the sweet panting. This deep cut is mortal. But the gutted man will be able to talk for some minutes. If he would sew him, Hannibal things, he would safe some time, but not that much. Even when he would stop the bleeding, he poisoned him with the fish smelling old knife.
He let’s the fisherman slip to the ground. Will is holding his belly. He must admit that the fisherman dies beautiful.

“What do you saw? Talk to me dead man. I can’t save you, but I can make you scream in pain.”, he said now in a more cultured way. In this tone he speaks with an audible accent.
“You killed Mason Verger. Why?”
“He gave me a reason.”, Hannibal falls into a friendly tone.
“Do you know what he did to my village? He… he...”
“Wait you’re not mad at me?”
“Sure I am mad at you! You gutted me!”
Will spits out a cold laugh.
“But hell yes. I wanted to thank you… Than I was to curios what you are. I shouldn’t...”
“You’re a strange little man. What’s your name?”
The fisherman remains silent. Hannibal is not really mad at him.
“Did you keep your curiosity? I’m Hannibal.”
“I saw you heal people.”, he says angry. “Or do you poison them? Healer Hannibal.”
“I’m only asking for your name. Than I’ll answer your questions.”
“The name is Will. Did I get my apology now? I assume right that you are not a real healer? And what’s about the people?”
Hannibal grins.
“No.”
“No? No, to what?”
“To both. I am a healer and this wound is exactly like I thought of. Absolutely mortal. You followed me, but I give you time to talk to me. And the people I heal are well. Apology’s

doesn't heal."
"That's all for your benefit. You don't have somebody to talk to, except of your victims. Verger wasn't your first… and I won't be the last one.", he sounds sad in the end.
"You should have been smarter, then following me. Because you are quite smart, didn't you?"
Will only answers with panting. He will be dieing here because of his bloody curiosity.
Hannibal stares at him for a moment.
"I see. A pity, after all."
"Regretting? After all?", a voice full of sarcasm.
"If we had met under other circumstances, we could have talked like friends."
"I could never be friendly with you!"
Hannibal smiles again. He wants to prove the opposite. But that would be difficult and very dangerous… and also a great distraction.
"And what if I save you?"
"You can't. And you said that already."
"I can carry you out of hell. I only have to sacrifice you to Hela and then I follow you in. That is a mortal injury, but you are not dead, yet."
"That's just a cruel joke. But to be honest, I can't feel my legs."
"Then I have to be fast."

Hannibal begins to speak in the old language. Simultaneous he opens his bag and searches after the right little bottle. He spits sacred oil on Will. He don't feel the blood anymore. Will is so exhausted. He can talk, but he want to save as much energy then possible. He grows already cold and the pain is everything real he could feel at this moment. Then Hannibal is ready with talking… praying. Will can't believe that he is a real cleric. What a joke.
Hannibal draws the runes of Hela on his head. Then he remembers what you has to do to sacrifice to Hela.
He turns to Will with a big knife. Hannibal's own knife.
"You know that I have to part your head from your body."
"Why do you… it's a sick joke… you can not sacrifice people..."
Will feels the cold and sharp metal on his neck. Hannibal stroke over his face and leaves Will's own blood on him.
"See me on the other side.", Hannibal whispers.
He begins to stretch his neck.
"No-", Will pants. He feels the sharp knife breaking his skin. Hannibal has no difficulty to hold Will's head against the rock. Skin parts, the last arterial blood Will can offer escaped their. Then the trachea. At this moment he wants to scream, but there is blood leaking in his lungs. Then he looses consciousness. He welcomes the dark.
Hannibal has only left to part the cervical spine with some blows of his knife.
It's seemed that Will does a last exhale. Hannibal grins. The blue smoke is the sign of Hela. She don't get a lot of human sacrifices these days.

Hannibal examines the body. He sees that he was truly well build man, though there is a chance that the man never sees his body again, if the head wakes in the hell, and if Hannibal decides to go to. He will decide later. It is a big temptation to follow him and fight the gods. He grins. Fighting gods would be fun, but that could be the false strategy. He is strong and in a good sharp, but his mind would never let him down ever either.
Hannibal looks down on the mess he did. The silence around him.

Will was right. He feels lonely. He want to talk to someone who truly understands him. They talked insufficient to know what will happen if he succeed.
Hannibal is very curious what will happen.

He wanders to a small stream, refills his water skins and washes the blood off, returns with wood and builds a fire to cook some peaces of found vegetable and herbs. The meat had found him. Will called him Verger and Hannibal tastes so much pig in this meat.

Hannibal lays his eyes on the other body. He does not plan to made a great journey to a part where he can't find something to eat as he cut through this mans flesh that tastes like pig. The woods now are full of live. Their is no better time for herbs. He does now plan a big journey. And their will be no other way to taste Will like that. He dries the most he cut out of his leg. He hopes that would be enough. The meat will need time till the next morning. He will not wait to taste him proper cooked. He cuts his forearm and roasts it on the fire. It is delicious.

He collects humming happily enough wood for the night and sharpens the other knifes. He has three. All three are quite big. To of them are sickles. Repletion and Hunger. The blades are similar but the handles are themed after their names. Hunger is a skeleton in suppliant pose. Repletion is an over weighted woman with full jars. He will need them both to fight. Their will be a lot of enemies.

He will also need something for Will's head. He will not carry him in his back. Will had also carried a back. Hannibal found next to a net what he can use for that, a fresh fish. Wills food probably. It will be dried till morning, too. The net is big enough to carry him, but it can't be meant for fishing in something bigger than a small stream. Or to repair a bigger one. Both could be true.
He puts more wood in the fire and falls into a light sleep. He's trained it to not get unpleasant surprises during the night.

In the next morning, he wakes up and he made his decision. He will follow him. He knows how. Hannibal red a lot of books of this topic, he believed that this would be only theoretically knowledge, but here he is. Drawing a sun with curved rays. Writes the words of the old language like he had the book with him. His memory was always outstanding.
Than he binds the net and with that Will's head on his bell.
Hannibal begins with the ritual. He sits in the central of the sun. The difficulty part was to draw this right. The word which he mumblers on loop and the little cut to draw some drops of blood are easy.
The drawings get deeper and the round central descend. Earth and stones nestle up against him. Then the journey down stops and it gets back up. Hannibal believes that this would be the same location where they starts and he made a mistake somewhere. As he opens the eyes again, he is in a forest, but here is nothing the same. He is in hell. He opens the net and grips Will's hair.
"Will?"

He can see that he breath lightly, without lungs though. Hannibal smiles wildly. Will belongs in hell. Hannibal wants to wake him up.
Nearby is a small stream. He will not drink from it, but it doesn't harm his skin so he washed

himself and renewed the paint. Than Will. He wakes up.
“Hello Will. Welcome to hell.”
Will looks from Hannibal's arm to the ground. Their is nothing. The murderer holds him at his hair. He begins struggling and to hyperventilate. Hannibal closes Will's mouth.
“I am here to help you. Calm down. Are you ready?”
He let’s him breath.
“Just breath in...”
Will takes a deep breath and starts breathing normal.
“Good.”
“You… really decapitated me. And we’re in hell?
“You’re a dead man Will. That or your worst nightmare.”
“I know my nightmares. I wake up when I get killed.”
“Then let’s look after your new body.”
“I see but can’t believe that you are here with me. Why?”
“I am curious.”
“This will kill you.”
“Then I would be not alone with that. I killed you because you were also too curious.”
Hannibal gets him back into the net.
“Hey? What are you doing?!”
“I won’t carry you the hole time by hand.”
“That’s my fisher net.”
“What if I get you out of here?”
“That would be a real surprise.”
The forest around them is very quietly. No animals. Only wind in gray leaves. The ground is a kind of clay. Their are a lot of little pools of the water Hannibal don’t trust.
“What kind of hell is that? It… looks different but not that different.”
“That’s only the beginning. Believe me. This will be no walk.”
“And their will be tasks?”
“Yes.”
“Which kind of tasks? Fighting?”
“I don’t know, but I can fight.”
“I’m sure about that. Verger was badly injured… but their were chunks missing. Did you…?”
Will does not end his sentence. He is not sure if Hannibal took the meat. He doesn’t know what he possible do with it.
“I ate it.”, Hannibal says like talking about the weather. He has no reason to lie about that here.
“Sorry?”
“I am a cannibal. I think it’s what you called someone who eats meat from man.”
“You...”
“It is not normal, but I kill a bunch of people… why wasting it?”
“You are crazy.”
“I know. Following you in here is crazy, too.”
“True. But… you can’t.”
“I can and I do. You’re delicious by the way.”
“Don’t say that you eat me. No.” The head begins to jump at Hannibal’s belt, but he made sure that the net will hold him on place. He is surprised in which way Will can move.
“You know then everything. The most of it.”
“You are a horrible person, Hannibal.”

“You know that I killed a person on a horrible way and you followed me. I found the fish. Did you want to eat it, or…?”
“The fish… yes, it was for you. Did you ate it?”
“I dried it. With other meat. It is in my back. I am not fond of wasting. And especially not such a good fish.”
“That’s… good.”
“You can have it… when you get hungry. If...”
“Thank you. But I’m only a head.”
“Be not too sure. You are breathing without lungs. Why don’t be hungry without a stomach.”
“We will see.”

Hannibal followed a way up on a hill. Now the forest opens and they both see over a long field of mud. Grey sky. And in the between a gigantic wooden figure. Bigger then old trees. In it’s shadow lay a house and wooden bridges connects everything.
The Figure looks like a big eagle head. Hannibal never seen thous. Normally he knows religion. Mostly to use it, but he red a lot.
Wood poles in the mud, the dark shadows looks like pierced humans.
“What is that?”, Will wants to know.
“I would like to know that, too.”
Hannibal follows a way in the mountain. After the next corner they see a big metal gate.
“That’s the way.”
“You can be right.”
“But it’s closed.”
Hannibal reads the old runes on it.
“It… it is a riddle.”
“Read.”
Hannibal needs a moment to translate it.
“What can run but never walks, has a mouth but never talks, has a bed but never sleeps, has a head but never weeps?”
“What?”
“It’s based on language. This could be everything.”
They think silent.
“Hannibal! This could be a river.”
“That’s… right, I think.”
He writes the runes on the ground. The mud melts and moves to the gate. It opens.
“We’re a good team.”, says Hannibal smiling down to him.
“You’re eating people!”, he reminds him.
“Get over it.”, Hannibal sighs.

They pass the gate and enter a round platform. Around of that is a wall and another big gate.
“Another riddle to open that gate?”
“Probably.”
They cross the platform and Hannibal translated the two words.
“Turn around?!”
The sky darkened. Hannibal grabs his sickles and turns around. He stumbles back to the gate. A monster has appeared in front of them. It has black skin, antlers and it’s hands are long claws. It jumps to them.
“Shit! What’s that?”

Hannibal tries to hit it. He does and hurts it at its arm.
“A wendigo.”, Hannibal growls. He dodge a blow and feel it short above his head. Will pants.
Hannibal has to get near to the wendigo because of his short range weapons. He ducks under a new blow and strokes his Hunger and Repletion over it’s beck in a big X shape. It’s cries out in pain, jumps two men wide distant and cries out again. This was a good blow. It turns around and jumps again. Hannibal drops himself on his beck and pushed the sickles up in the body. He has to drop them unfortunately. They are stuck around it’s hip bones.
“The other knife! Quick!”, says Will.
He gets it and slams it in the twitching body. They pant and wait till it’s dead.
“You can fight. You aren’t hurt, are you?”
“No. I had some practice in my life, but never something near that.”
“It’s dead, isn’t it?”
“I have to check. I need my other blades.”
He turns it on his beck it twitches a last time. Hannibal takes the blades out.
“Okay. Now the gate.”
The runes on it had disappeared and a keyhole takes it’s place.
“Where’s the key?”

They look around and Hannibal lays his eyes on the body, but he pushes the thought away. Later, he thinks.
Hannibal knocks again rocks, try to find holes behind loose ones and runs with his feet through high grass.
“Nothing.”
“It has to be here somewhere.”
“Will… the keyhole appeared in the moment we killed it. It may be in the wendigo.”
“You...”
“Do you have another idea?”
Will don’t answer. Hannibal goes straight to the dead monster. He opens it more up and pushes a hand to the elbow in the black and wet gut.
“You are sick, Hannibal.”, says Will deadpan.
“Be happy that I can’t be tempted to ask you to do it. Ah. Here we go.”
“You’re kidding, aren’t you?”
He takes his arm out, black from the spoiled blood and has a key in his hand.
“No… but I really want to wash it off.”
“I would thank you.”

Hannibal opens the gate. They are in a more open field. The sun shines again but it will be night soon. They find a little pond and Hannibal is washing his arm and the knives. It is sticky like tar.
“The sun is setting early here. Are you hungry or tired?”
“Kind of… both?”
“Okay. Here is wood. I don’t want to get surprised by coldness and something that sneaks in the dark.”
“Yes that would be nice.”
They find a dry spot and Hannibal found enough wood to start a little fire, then he searches after more.
“The fire is more red then outside, isn’t it?”
“It looks like, but it grand light and heat, so I’ll not complaining.”

Hannibal take his waxed tissue out. The ground here is dry, and that will do not serve a lot of comfort, but a little.
“Okay. Want some fish?”
“Yes.”

Hannibal takes him out of his net and puts him on a flat rock. He feats him one little bite of the dry fish. He is curling up his nose but it eating it anyway.
“Not your favorite taste? Do you want to taste my dry meat?”
He is swallowing hard and it vanished like the air he is breathing.
“No I am only used to fresh fish. Can you offer some water?”
Hannibal smirks and chews on a dry Will stripe.
“Sure. Here you go. Was it enough?” Hannibal also takes a sip of his water skin. He does not have to tell him now, that this is not made of an animal bladder.
“Yeah… for the moment it will be okay.” Will is watching him intensely and what he is putting in his mouth.
“Is that…?”

Hannibal is swallowing the last bite. Dried food is never as good as the same fresh, but he can taste Will in it. Only a bit, but he only taste him a day ago.
“Yes. It was a part of your leg.”
Will’s face color is turning to white and then to an angry red. Hannibal is wondering where the blood goes and comes.
“Don’t offer me human flesh, especially not what belongs to me in the past, you sick bastard!”
“I’ll don’t go for you literally through hell, to let you starve, don’t believe that for a moment.”, Hannibal says that with a light tone but it is pregnant with a firm threat. Will is feeling his not existing stomach turning.
“Don’t threat me to force feat me my own meat, Hannibal. I will bite your finger off!”
Hannibal is laughing.
“Yes, try that my dear Will!”
“You are gross.”
“I’ll be honest to you. That was not a small fish and you probably don’t need a lot of food a day, but I don’t let you starve. This issue may will never come up, but I really want to get out of here fast. I will not spend time and food on games, because I don’t know how long we are captured down here. And I don’t want to loose here a lot of weight.”
“Okay, Hannibal.”, he says more exhausted then a moment ago.
Hannibal sighs.
“Sleep well anyway Will. The next day will be exhausting as well.”

Will don’t answer but let his head drop on the side. If they don’t had a small fight, this movement would be funny. That is anatomical impossible, Hannibal thinks. The hole thing is unreal.
Hannibal lets himself slip in his light sleeping. Will can’t. He is surprised how well he can move his head from one side to the other. He only want to avoid to fall off the stone. Than he realizes what he’s doing. Where he is and that he is more or less dead and in hell. He thinks, that this might be his hell to be with his cannibalistic murderer who will force him to eat his own flesh. In this immobilize situation he is in. Will stares in the cloudless dark sky. Here are no stars nor a moon. It is so very foreign. He starts to cry quietly and doze off.

Hannibal wakes up. He watches Will sleeping, and thinks of their little argue yesterday evening. He'll probably isn't able to give him his body if he does not cooperate. He'll has to see what's happening next. Hannibal pack his stuff.
"Will?"
He is opening slowly his eyes and has to remember where he is. Hannibal notices his red underlined eyes.
"We will get out of here, trust me.", he says that to comfort him. Will does not believe him. He is remembering his thoughts from the last night.
"And what is when you are my personal demon to torture me here in hell?" Hannibal watches him in amusement.
"That would implicate that you never could trust me. I am not able to say something that comfort you out of that theory. Only my actions, but I need you to trust me to fulfill these tasks. If I would be this demon I could control all your senses. So struggling would be pointless for you. I would appreciate when you stick with that what I told you. That I want to get you out of here."
Will stares at him. Hannibal smiles.
"Shouldn't start this kind of topic this early in the morning.", says Will and looks away.
"We will find time to talk when you're proper wake."
"Probably. Let's start then. Who ever you are."
Hannibal laughs and puts him in his net.
"I am who I am, a human after all."
"Sticking to this story..."
Hannibal starts walking through the light forest.
"Yes, Will?"
"How many people did you killed?"
"It's not enough to say a lot, isn't it?"
"You can't recall them all?"
"I can, but it would need some time to count them all."

Will thought about something like that. He thinks back to Verger, and how he killed every year people who does not need to die during the winter. It is not the same like tearing them apart and taking and eating their meat, but they both have a high body counts.
"Do you choose your victims?"
"More or less people would say. I visit many villages and cities. I heal people, if I can. I only take money when they can offer it. I notice with frightening regularity how rude people are. Mostly when they own more then ten poor families own."
"Rude people?"
"I know that this is vague, that's the aim of the rule."
"You kill innocent people when they have a bad day or something?"
"Was Verger like that? He came to me because of loosing hair and thought he has the right to pass the queue. I think not."
"But..."
"When people treat other humans like that on a normal basis, they will not have my respect."
"Wouldn't this made you to a very rude person?'
"I can't eat myself."
"That's not funny and feeding me my own meat would hardly be to my good."

“I only would appreciate that you don’t die on terms I could easily change, and I thought returning to your town to buy thinks could complicate things up, if not ends this before I had the change to begin.”, lies Hannibal. He don’t thought of buying supplements when he had so much good meat in front of him.
“Please don’t feed me this stuff. I also let you eat it.”
“I would welcome then the next task. When you see something suspicious, tell me immediately.”
“Sure.”

They walk in silence. They pass decor in the trees. Little figures made of branches.
“Uhm… Hannibal? Is their something in front of us?”
A figure disappears behind a tree. Hannibal takes his knifes out and concentrate on the spot in front of them. He sneaks to it. Then someone is jumping from the near trees and pushes Hannibal on the ground.
“What are you seeking here, living human?”, one guard growls with heavy accent. With the heavy armors they look like guards. No humans though. They are easily three heads bigger than Hannibal, and he is not short.
“I want to talk to Hela.”
A dark laughing.
“Hela? A human priest in the hell?”
Hannibal turns his head and sees how one shows another similar guard his knifes. They are five of them.
“I don’t think that Hela will welcome you in her tower. We will see what we will do to you.”
“Next time I Will play dead!” Will understands. He closes his eyes except a fine line and force himself only to breath softly.
“To late for that.”
One of them throw Hannibal over his shoulder. They are a lot more stronger than the wendigo he fought. Hannibal pats Will's face.

They enter a camp. The guards are talking in a language they both don’t understand. Then they are letting Hannibal in a small stable free. In the next few cells are big horses. Bigger than on earth.
“Strip!”, orders one of them. Hannibal hesitated and obeys than. That could be very uncomfortable. Hannibal get tied up. He only can moves his legs and hardly turn his head. They ignored Will. He started to wiggle himself free but stops as he sees that a guard enters. He watches with horror what he did to him. He gets hit with a whip. Will wonders how many strokes they need to get him panting. They draw blood and don’t stop. He is tempted to shout at them. But what will change that? He had to wait what happens when they leave him. They’ll kill him. He is loosing so much blood already. After an hour Hannibal's beck is wasted. Will can see bones and he hopes that Hannibal had lost his cautiousness. Then the guards stop to let him die, Will guess. He is leaving the stable and is surprised to see a whole beck again. It must be a kind of torture magic.

“Hannibal?”, he whispers. Hannibal starts to move his head. He does heard him, but he don’t now of which direction Will’s voice came. The guard returns.
The guard starts hitting him again. The good thing is that he will not die, if they don’t want him killed. But he suffers, thinks Will. After another hour Hannibal gets a longer break.
“Worst idea, ever.” Hannibal cocks his head in Will's direction.

“You don’t deserve that.”
“Thank you dead man. Are you free yet? I have to keep that up till night, but than you have to loose the ropes. Do you think you get it?”
“I will. I promise.”

Before it gets dark Hannibal gets three more of that sessions. Then it gets finally dark and Will begins to move. He has to roll his head the small distance. Than he bites in the rope and looses it slowly. He grabs Will, jumps in his trousers and grabs his other stuff. He sneaks in the other stable cell and climbs a horse. They must been seen. But nobody follows them in the moment.
“Was that a task?”
“I don’t know.”
“How’s your beck?”
“It’s numb the most of the time. Riding isn’t the best way now, but I’m alright. You saved me.”
“You should be very tired.”
“Why? I hardly moved since the morning.”
Hannibal hears the first time the laughing of Will and falls for it.
“I’m okay. I think that they don’t followed us. We should find a camp. No fire this night I guess.”
“Yes.”
They are riding for the next moments. They found another wall.
“It’s enough. You have to sleep.”
Hannibal nods, jumps off the big horse. Will is noticing the face he did. That have to hurt him horrible. They are eating a little bit and sleep right after that.

The next day the big horse is away. They would have wondered if it had stayed. They go along the wall.
“You hated Verger, did you?”
“Yes, I did.”
“What has he done to you?”
“Not only to me. I had luck. I was more independent because of my fishing. The other families they had to stick with that what he offers them to which prices. A lot of people died in the last winters. And their was enough food, but they can’t pay for it and fall ill because of the bad nutrition of them. The winter was very cold. So people died.”
“That isn’t a clever managing of a shop.”
“He had enough money. He may like to watch people begging for mercy, probably he likes to watch them die, too.”
“A twisted mind. Do you want to kill him by yourself?”
“I don’t justify your murder.”
“I see. You are flawless. Like I am.”
Will is looking puzzled at him.
“May I tell you something? I once found a child in a cold winter in a forest. Almost frozen to death. The parents must have abandoned him.”
“Did you saved him?”
“Probably. I took him to the capital. But you probably know that children in orphanages are

mostly not treated well. Do you have family, Will?"
"Kind of. A dog. More a stray. He is a patient waiter till I gut the fish."
"I assume that you followed me partly, because you had nothing to loose."
"I… I miss him. But mostly the rest of my body, the forest. A real forest. The fishing. It is a good quiet life."
They follow the wall quietly. Hannibal don't often think of the future. But it would be easy to see Will by his side. Such a comforting thought. He knows what he is. That Will would see that he put his life on the line. They are together in hell and he endured torture without complaining it. He would only has to adapt Hannibal's live style. He only have to live with that. He would start to eat human meat. And Hannibal would cook something… somebody delicious for him. He don't want to let him go.
"Do you want some more fish? Yesterday you haven't ate a lot."
"You said that their wouldn't be enough for the next two days."
"Are you hungry?"
Will sighs.
"Yes, you can give me a small part."
"Very well."
Hannibal puts it in his mouth and Will starts to chew. Hannibal takes a stripe, too.
They continue they walk silent. Then they saw it.
"Finally a gate. It's midday already."
Hannibal is examining the runes.
"Another riddle. I hope nothing attacks us.", Hannibal says.
"Read it out loud."
"Feed me and I live, drank me and I die. What am I?"
"And you don't came up with that?"
"No. It is not a hard one. It's fire. You had to feed it with wood... and water you know."
"Write it."
Hannibal writes it with his food in the sand again. Nothing happened.
"Uhm..."
"I translated it right. And… this must be the answer."
"You may have spelled it wrong?"
Hannibal kneels, wipes the word away and write it with his fingers more clearly. Nothing happened.
"I am sure. That's it."
He steps back and is searching after something else.
"This is maybe not the only riddle we have to solve."
"Or… Their could be a hidden keyhole."
They don't find anything.
"I'm out of ideas. We have to collect some wood for the night."
"That's not the best you can say to me, but this is it then."
"We will find it."
Hannibal makes a fire.
"The first riddle was so easy. River. Fire."
Something hits Will.
"Hannibal… we may melt the door!"
"Melt it? This wouldn't be hot enough."
"Not literally though. Writing something in the mud is something what a river is doing."
Hannibal takes a burning branch, and touch with it the metal. It is begining to glow like it

would be fresh forged. It's opened.
"Go through."
"But it is already dark."
"Couldn't we made a new fire on the other side? I don't want to see it closed with a new riddle."
"You're right."
He lit some new wood pieces. And carries as many already burning pieces to the new fire. He don't need a lot of new firewood though.
Will eats angry his last bite of his fish.
"Maybe we find Hela's tower on the next day."
"Do you believe that? The guards said that she would not welcome us."
"When we are at the tower, she'll see that we beat all her riddles and tasks. We'll be worthy for her."
"I hope so. Or you are a demon and torturing me slowly."
"Didn't I get tortured by myself enough to show you that?"
"It's okay. I know that I have to trust you in the moment."
Hannibal caresses him.
"Don't touch me like that."
"Okay. Let's sleep."
Will closes his eyes but does not sleep right after that. He misses being touched. And Hannibal's touching reminds Will on that. That isn't good. He's such a horrible person. It's bad that he has to trust Hannibal. Will hopes that Hannibal lets him go to his home. Hannibal is dreaming exactly the opposite.

They rise early and after a small hill they only see red sand and another wall in the distance.
"A dessert? Are we going in the right direction?"
"I think there is only one direction we can go."
"That isn't logical."
"I know. We will find it, trust me."
"I have to. You're the one with the legs."
It is not exactly sand. It is more then red stone shards. Their are also bigger ones. This big that a man can hide behind it. And than Mason Verger appears behind one of this stones. He holds a big slaughter knife in his hands.
"Verger!?"

In his life he would have talked. Now he only shows his emotionless face and attacks them. Hannibal takes Hunger and Repletion out and opens his throat, while stepping out of Vergers range.
He falls to the knees and the stones are turning into a fresher red.
Will is panting, he wasn't prepared to see him again.
"What…?"
Hannibal doesn't answer. That is not a real body. It is more then a bag of blood. With the shape of this pig of a man. This was his last proper kill. He is right. Another hollow but armed figure appears and attacks. The man from the village before that. He would never attacks Hannibal by his own hand.
"I… I had to fight, everyone I killed I guess."

Will is perplex, terrified and breaks into heavy breathing. He starts to count. Their are now more and more enemies. A blade is such near to his head that he believes for a moment that he closes his arms around Hannibal's leg. Than he only watches Hannibal fight. And he does it a long time. His blades cut on the most mortal parts. Efficient. He knows that he had to keep his energy also for the next half. Or how many people awaiting to attacks him again. Hannibal falls against a big rock, heavy breathing.
“Hannibal...”
“I need just a moment.”
“Are their many left?”
“Some.”
Will sees that he holds his left hip.
“Are you hurt?”

Hannibal pushes himself again back in the fight. The next and last men wear the same uniform. A foreign one. Hannibal kills them different. He blows more hits then necessary. The wall and the next gate are near by. He killed the last one and spits on him. He searches another one. Their is no one. He goes and let’s himself lean against the gate. They see the long bloody line they walked to this spot.
“Who was that? The men with the uniform?”
“They killed my sister.”
“I’m sorry.”
“It’s a long time ago.”
Will watches him stare in the distant.
“I’m only glad that I don’t killed her. I thought a long time that I am partly guilty for her death.”
“Did you ate them… her?”
“Yes.”

They waited another five minutes. Will has to think that through, Hannibal killed so many people. But Hannibal had get tortured for him. Will closes his eyes. He sees Hannibal's beck nude and untouched, his beck wasted. His blood. How he killed all this people.
Than he stands up and Will opens his eyes again.
“Let’s open this gate, before I fell asleep here.”
He strokes over runes.
“I pass before the sun the plain, yet make no shadow, what am I?”
Hannibal thinks. Will see that he is really tired.
“What has no shadow?”
“Abstract stuff. But that doesn’t fit.”
“We had river a kind of water, fire… maybe it is a pattern.”
“Another element? You mean wind? How to open the door now?”
“Say it in the old language.”
Hannibal says it, the door opens.
“You’re such a smart boy.”
“Let’s get you comfortable. Do you can use the wood here?”

They saw over the next region. It is like a forest, but burned to the roots. The ground is gray clay again.
“That could be difficult.”

“It is okay. Sleep then or lay just down. That were very hard days for you.”
Hannibal takes his blanket out. Then he looks very seriously in Will’s face.
“Are you hungry, Will? You are, aren’t you?”
“I’ll not eat something that was me. Don’t lie to me. Do you have something else?”
“You would eat somebody else, too?”
Will sighs. Hannibal grins and pets him.
“Oh Will, I’m so proud of you. If I could made fire and if their were real people, and not only blood filled ghost, I would get you other meat and I would cook it for you.”
“Dream sweet at night cannibal.”
“Would you eat Verger?”
“Do you have something left?”
“No. I’m very sorry. Please eat something.”
“Hannibal, I can’t.”
“You know that I can force you. Don’t force me to do that.”
“I don’t force you.”
“Yes you do. I can’t even see the tower. We will find it minimum tomorrow evening. And you can’t eat burned wood or clay. Don’t think about it.”
“Force me then.” Will jumps of the blanket and roles surprisingly fast away.
Hannibal sighs and follows him. He founds him fast and he really bites after his fingers. He takes him by his hair.
“Come on Will. Don’t be like that.”
“Don’t force me.”
Hannibal takes him to the camp, sits down and takes a stripe out. He puts Will between his legs and squeezes him in position.
“You are such-”
He stops, because Hannibal comes with his stripe near his mouth.
Hannibal closes his nose bites one little bite off and puts it in his mouth. Will's eyes tears.
“But you have to chew it by yourself.”
He does.
“Swallow, Will. How does it taste?”
“Don’t...”
“Next bite. A bigger one, yes?”
“No.” They repeat it and repeat it again. Then Hannibal eats a stripe, too.
“Don’t be mad at me, Will.”
He stroke his hair out of his face.
“It is only to your benefit. You have to trust me. I don’t want to harm you.”
“You killed me by decapitating and forced me to eat my own meat. How can I trust you here?”
“It is only to let you live.”, Hannibal said really tired.
“I want you back on earth. Good night.”
Hannibal closes his eyes and Will is tempted to bite his nose off. He hate that it tastes quite okay. He closes his eyes, too and sees him again fighting.

“How do you feel Will?”
“I dreamed horrible stuff.” Things that would grant him a place in hell for ever.
“We will get here out soon. Are you mad because of the food I fed you?”

“Partly. I was quite hungry after all.”, Will says with a red blushed face.
“Then...”
“Shut up.”
“You liked it. Was it the food or the feeding?”
“Shut up!”, he says with an even more red face.
“I do a lot of things for you Will.”
“Then keep quiet.”
“I’m just honest to you.”
“That’s only a game for you. Also that you was tortured and that you probably die here. Everything is a game and I am your favorite toy in this game. How many were before me in this position?”
“No one.”, he says surprised. “You are special. It would be horrible to loose you.”
“Then be happy, because we probably die here together.”
They pass the last burned trees and now have a free view.
“Look. Over their. This must be the tower of Hela. Finally. We’re not gonna die here.”
“I have not must eat my flesh. We are near by! You knew it, didn’t you?”
“No I don’t. I said that I don’t play games, when I don’t know how long we are here.”
They have to cross the muddy-gray field to go to the white tower. A warm light of the top of the tower reflect on thousand small pools of water.
“This will probably last the hole day, but we will not sleep here again.”
“That would be awesome.”, Will says sarcastic.

Hannibal roles his eyes. He does nothing wrong down here. Was it the fighting? Hannibal remembers that he listened something as he slept. He was just passionately fighting for Will's benefit. Hannibal can’t understand that this task could probably offend him like that. He already saw what he did. That makes no sense. The feeding, he thinks, wasn’t quite the problem he wanted to be. Will had to act like this, but knew that Hannibal wouldn’t allowed him not to eat. Maybe he is angry on himself. That he likes it. They should talk, thinks Hannibal. He don’t want to loose him. He images that he gets him his new body and kill him again. He don’t allow that Will lives without him in his village. This dead man will not control his life, like that.

Hannibal walks across the mud. Then the sun is setting.
The tower is in the same distance than in the morning. Only the forest is in a great distance.
“We have to stay here another night do we?”. Will's voice is now more neutral.
“We will find a way tomorrow. This is another task.”
“Great… then fast that up to get me home again.”
“You’re allowed to help me, aren’t you?”
“Fine.”
“And what did you see?”

Hannibal puts him on a stone. Takes his waxed tissue out. Here he really need a more or less dry ground for sleeping.
“Hela does not want that we go in that way we are. We have to change something. If she want to give us an opportunity at all.”
“What?”
“You’re the smart guy. You know all this religious stuff. You know how to read… this old stuff.”

“Don’t envy this. I can teach you everything you want to know. I am sure that you learn fast.”
“This is not what will happen!”
They stare a long time into their eyes. Will is really angry again.
“What is your problem Will?”
“I don’t… I only have one. And that’s you!”
“I want to correct that. You know that.”
“I will not run with you.”
Hannibal reaches to him and pet his hair.
“Don’t touch me now!”
“We’re here together for almost a week already. You know that I kill people… you saw what I did to this pig man… Verger. That makes no sense that you are so offended by watching me full fill a task down here. Tell me now. And it’s not the feeding.”
The anger disappears from Will's face.
“I can’t.”
“Tell me. You are angry. Why now?”
Will starts to cry.
“Are you… missing something?”, Hannibal says more soft after a minute.
“That is a stupid question. We are here to get my body back.”
Something swipes the tears from Will's face.
“Did you just swipe your tears?”
“What?”
“Did you? Because something happened to this tears.”
“I can’t...”
“Does it feel like it?’
“Y… yes… maybe.”
“I felt your hands at my knees… but I wasn’t sure. I had to fight in these moments. Did you recall these moments?”
“I felt something… some times.”
“Concentrate on your hands. Do you?”
“Yes...”
“Touch the ground.”
Will stares on the ground. A hand shape appears in the mud. Will grins.
“I did that!”
“Touch me. Take my hand.”
Will found Hannibal's hand and squeezed it softly. Hannibal feels solid nothing.
“Do you feel that?”
“I feel your hand, Will. Tell me what is wrong.”
“I saw you fighting… and I kind of… liked it. But that is more than wrong.”
“You are angry on yourself.”
“I… am.”
“Don’t be.”
“I really liked it. I know that as I saw Vergers body, but I know what he did. But the other people. You killed them all, and they weren’t all bad, were they?”
“The most of them.”
Hannibal watches him attentively. Strokes over his invisible hand. Will starts to cry again. Hannibal pets him. Will’s ghost hand pulls him soft. Hannibal follows. They feel each other.
“We’re hugging. Your head floats.”
“I do. I am angry at you. And I...”

Hannibal smiles. He does feel something solid. Their is nothing what you can differentiate between cloth and skin.
“My mind is sinful. Very sinful.”, Will tells him.
“I will pray for you.”, says Hannibal in a light tone.
“I’m sure you will.”
“And what will you do?”
Will separates from Hannibal.
“I dreamed something. But you don’t like it.”
“Tell me about your dream.”
“I can’t.” Will touches him at Hannibal's stomach, “I was so angry and confused...”
“Show me then, Will. When you say that you are angry and that I probably don’t like it, than show it to me and be angry.”
“I’ll go to hell.”
“We are in hell.”
“But-”
“Will. I can cope with everything you’ll do. Trust me.”
“Are you sure?”
“Let’s see. I’m curious.”

Hannibal watches how Will take a deep breath. Then he opens his eyes. Their is a new light in his eyes.
Will’s head is floating behind him. Hannibal follows the footprints in the mud.
Will takes a step closer and hugs him from behind. His ghostly hands moves down. He opens Hannibal's trousers. Pushes them down.
“Do you slap me or something?”
“On your knees Hannibal.”, he says much firmer then Hannibal expects.

He kneels and Will pushes him on his hands. Hannibal feels the sand under his hands and the smooth weight of Will above him. Hannibal looks on his hand and found it trembling. That is very much different from the stables. Also in the case Will starts to hit him.
Will touches Hannibal's butt. He jerks. Will was frightened, too, but he knows, what he had to do now. And he enjoys that Hannibal trembles and jerks, but he does not flight. He can not recall a trembling or jerking as he was beaten so bad.

Will lays his penis on his ass and pushes his legs further apart.
“Will…?”, he asks softly.
“That should hurt you.”
Then Will pushes forward. Hannibal cries out in pain. He pushes more forward.
“You’re so tight.”
Hannibal moans desperately.

Will waits some moments till the biggest tightness disappears. He strokes the trembling man under him. He finds out that he has a lot of hair on his breast. Will doesn’t see that in the stable. He slips his hand to Hannibal's private part. Will don’t feel the heat but he feel how he gets hard under his touch. Hannibal moans less painful as he strokes him their.

Then Will moves again. Hannibal is so painful tight, but much better than before. It still hurts Hannibal but it is okay. Will gets faster and then he hits Hannibal's prostate. He never felt this

before. Then again, and again and again. They both went crazy of the senses they feel together.

Will bites him in the shoulder, he does not pierce his skin. Hannibal came with this new touch. That is to close to a kiss. And a real bite would thrill him, too. Will feels that Hannibal twitches very strong. He came right after him.
“Will...”, moaned Hannibal. They part and Hannibal touches his head.
“You liked it?”
“I never felt something like that.”
Will smiles tired and he loose the ability to feel his body, for the moment.
“I like you, too.”

Will closes his eyes and Hannibal thinks about that what just happened. He will feel it the next day, too. He puts his trousers back on. Then a heavy tiredness comes over him. He lays on his wax tissue, puts Will's head in front of him and sleeps deeper than he should. The last thought from him is that they don’t eat this evening.
Somethings moves toward them. It is no demon. It is the tower.

“Will!”
He opens his eyes and sees the tower of Hela next to them.
“How?”
“We full filled the task some how. She may not like angry people in her tower. Their was a lot of tension between us.”
Will stands up with his new ability to feel. Standing is easy, walking not.
“I don’t want back in the net.”
“Jump on my beck. I like you their.”
Will blushes heavily.
“I… don’t know what happened yesterday.”
“You slept with me. I did more sinful things this week, Will. It is okay.”
“You’ll believe now that I run with you, did you?”
“I would wish that.”
“Hannibal, I can’t.”
“I see that you want to. Forget sins. I couldn’t wake you down here, when you’re not belonging in hell.”
“I know. Let’s see later. Before we begin to argue and the tower disappears. I want to follow you.”
“You will.” Hannibal cocks his head and is touching Will with his nose on his cheek. They both blush. Than they move and the tower stays. They pass trough an open and guarded gate. The guards only stare out in the flat.
The inside of the tower is made of a bright white material. It seems to glow by his own. It is dark in comparison with the glowing of Hela.

A bright, golden light takes the stairs down.
Hannibal kneels for Hela. His human eyes are not made to see a god. The glowing of her warm them both.
“The human priest. You took the long way through the underworld to talk to me. Here you

are. What do you want to talk to me?”
“I sacrificed a human for you, Hela.”
Warm humming.
“I remember.”
“Half gods are worshiped in wine and flowers, real gods require blood.”
“The time for that changed. It was nice but not necessary. What do you want?”
“I have to confess that I sacrificed him because I want him back to live. Their were a misunderstanding.”
“I shall give the head next to you a new body?”
“I will sacrifice more humans for you. I only need to now how many.”
More humming. It last longer then the last one. Hannibal waits patient.
“One a year. For the rest of your life. When you’ll don’t follow the rule, you’ll die immediately.”
“This is more then fair. Thank you very much, my god.”

Will's head is flying high. Hannibal can’t see it but a hot glowing surrounds him. And because Hela don’t like naked humans, she gave him cloth.
She disappears before Will's glowing ends. He hugs Hannibal as he realizes that he has a body again. The other person he feels are overwhelming for his new skin.
“You’re supposed to leave now humans.”
The guard shows them the way. They need help to go through it.
They fall from the tower, hugging tight and fall trough the ground, stopping slowly and moving up again.

Will's white cloth is already dirty again. They are in the forest they started a week ago.
“I brought you back.”
Hannibal strokes over Will's new and so smooth skin. He feels it more intensive then ever.
Hannibal starts to kiss him soft on the mouth. Will stops him.
“I have to go back.”, but Will grabs his neck.
“They already found your old body.” Hannibal says after a short view over Will's shoulder.
They part and watches the dried blood.
“I will explain them, that I am not the body.”
This could be more difficulty for Will then he believes.
“They will think that you are a revenant. You know what that means.”
“But I’m not one of them. I have a pulse and everything.”
“They will kill you before they can check if you have one.”
“You could help me made them believe.”
“You know that I don’t want to let you here. That would be a sharp cut. You have to see so much things in the world. I want to show them.”
Hannibal waits.
“I want to see my dog.”
“We can take it with us. You don’t want to see the hate on their faces. And you don’t want to see me fighting for you again, do you?”
“You are impossible. I can’t follow you.”
“I can’t let you go. I found a real friend in you.’

Will know what this gaze means. That is not a look of a friend. They are nice people in his village, but he never let somebody become his friend. Or more. And Hannibal is right again.

If he is buried, especially like this humiliated and without his head, they would fear that he returns. He died very bestial.
“My dog will hardly be in the village.”
Hannibal hugs him tight for a short moment. Because of his fresh skin he is close to feel overwhelmed.
They go.
“Do you want to come with me?”
“Yes. You changed me and I changed you.”
“You are beautiful. I should have take you with me, without that killing you.”
“We would have killed us in the first night.”
“Probably.”
“Your touching. That feels so good.”
“Such new skin, flesh and bones. You probably feel much more then ever.”
“I do.’ Hannibal strokes over his hand. He takes it.
“Where are we going?”
“I found him next to my fishing spot. Maybe he is close enough that he hears me calling him.”
“That’s good. The fishing spot? We have to eat something. Let me cook for you.”
“I can give you fish when we go to the stream.”
“Let’s do that.”

They go to a special spot and he searches under leaves and pulls a board up. Their is his fishing tools. He called his dog. Their was to this moment no trait of him. They will stay the night, he may came later.
“You can settle a camp next to me. I will need a moment.”
Hannibal nods and starts a fire. He already saw some ingredients who goes with river fishes. He finds sweet sour berries and wild spinach. The next stop have to be a bigger town. His ingredients need to be filled up again.
Hannibal returns to the camp and watches over the fire. It has to be more hot. He would eat it raw, though. He’s so hungry.

Will returns. He already disemboweled the two fish.
“Thank you. These fish looks very good.”
“They are. Did you want to dry it?”
“No, I don’t like to dry such a good product. I had to last week.”
He fills the fish with the berries, the spinach and some drops of his oil. Then salt. Will watches him puzzled.
“Are you sure this will taste?”

Hannibal just smiles. The fish don’t need a lot of time to finish. Hannibal cuts a small but fresh wood trunk apart and lays the fish on it.
“Here you go.”
“I’m so hungry, but it smells so good. It’s just to hot.”
He blows it.
“I hope you like it.”

Will tries it and despise his great hunger, that is the best he ever tasted. He smiles.
“I don’t like it. I love it.”

“I have so much to show you.”

They finish their meals. After that Hannibal has to touch Will over his body. Will needs this so badly and Hannibal loves to touch him on his smooth skin.
“Do you would enjoy to kiss me?”
Will blush again and kisses him. First cheek, mouth angle and than right on it. Hannibal slightly opens his mouth.
“We shouldn’t do stuff like that.”, Will says with a bride smile and kisses him again. More hungry and now he does not only taste the filled fish.
“Do you want to show me again, what do you made to me last time?”
“Didn’t I hurt you?”
“Not enough.”, Hannibal starts to kisses him again.
“Okay.”

Hannibal opens his trousers and takes them of. He take a place on his beck.
“Do you think this will work? I want to see you. When you’re comfortable with that.”
“Lets try that.” Will takes his trousers off too. And his shirt. Then he pulls Hannibal's shirt off.
Hannibal licks at his breast.
“You’re tasting like honey Will. And milk.”
“That’s what they eat in heaven, don’t they?” Hannibal smiles and kisses him. The skin to skin contact, kills Will's patience. He grew so very hard. It hurts with his new skin. Will pushes him definitely to the ground and Hannibal stretches his legs apart.
“One leg on my shoulder.” Hannibal does it. Will pushes and Hannibal remembers how much this hurts. Will stops deep inside him and watches his face.
“I do hurt you.”, he says. Hannibal's hands move over his body.
“It doesn’t matter.”
“Is it that good?” Will looks down on the fully erect penis of Hannibal. He hardly can imaging that this would fit in him.

It seems so big, he is not really smaller, though. And he fits in him. He remembers that Hannibal shows very lately that he is hurt as he gets hit.
“I can try it, if you want to.”, whispers Hannibal.
“But when you show that it hurts you, how much does it hurt me then?”
Hannibal takes a deep breath.
“Why exactly do you do that?”
Will blushes.
“I mean why do you don’t move now?”
“You’re so tight. I-”
“I can stretch you, too.” Will trembles with lust as Hannibal touches his butt and squeezes the cheek softly.
“May I try? I’ll be very cautious.”

Will nods and closes his eyes. Hannibal takes a finger and pushes inside Will's hole, he twitches and the movement let them both moan.
“Are you… good, Will?”
“Yes… I don’t know it is a funny feeling.” They both start to move a little. Hannibal takes another finger and opens him up slowly, while Will moves in him and moans. Will gets faster

and touches Hannibal's prostate. Hannibal takes a third finger. Will moans.
“May I show you...” Hannibal says between the moaning.
“Do it.” Will does not stop immediately, but then he does. Will sets him free.
“Come...”

Hannibal pushes him in the right direction and then they roll over. Hannibal penetrates him in a long but slow movement. Hannibal's last woman is some time ago. That is so much better. That are his feelings, he thinks. He wants to touch it early. Show him the real pleasure. He found it.
Will doesn’t like it at first. It does not hurt exactly, but nice is something different. Then an explosion and everything is different. He moans loud. Will sees him smiling. He want to kiss him so badly.
Hannibal cums in him. Will is right on the edge.
“Don’t stop...”
“Please fill me up, Will.”
Hannibal rolls over and Will fucks him again. He don’t need a lot of pushes to cum. To fill him up. Than they kiss softly.

In the next morning Hannibal wakes up as he heard a deep growling. A dog is right in front of him. That’s his, he thinks, and the dog does not like him.
He slowly moves to his beck and grabs Wills meat. Hannibal don’t want to get bitten by the dog.
The dog takes it.
“Will… your dog is here.”
He opens his eyes and grins bright. His dog have a stripe of his meat between his fangs.
“Come here buddy… it’s me.”
“I think your smell changed.”
Than he jumps over Hannibal and licks Will.
“He knows my voice! Buddy all right.”
Hannibal watches them. They are his new family.

End Notes

Thank you for reading!

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!